



A Sky Of Flames



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Chapter 1 by Seirots

The golden disc known to us as the sun crested the horizon, letting loose an array of colours to paint the early morning sky in perfect hues of orange, soft lavender and pastel blue. It was such a beautiful sight, that it really was a pity that I couldn't let even the smallest fragment of sunlight graze my skin, lest I wish to ignite into flames with only wisps of ash on the wind to be left behind. I scooted deeper into the shadows of my hide-away spot to avoid the burning dawn's creeping fingers, which happens to be a child's old tree house. The cabin is held aloft by a mighty oak's weather worn boughs and is overrun with vines and smaller plants. Slowly but steadily Mother Nature has begun to reclaim this creation of man. I spent the entire night stalking the nearby town for a tasty meal of crimson blood, and unfortunately not one soul was out and about on that early winter night. Light puffy flakes of snow began to fall outside the tree house's single window, and it filled the beautiful but deadly sun bathed horizon in a powdery fog.

Yawning as I muttered to myself, "It wouldn't hurt to nap here for the day, right..?" and closed my eyes so I could drift off into the comforting embrace of sleep.

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